The Model Young Lady.

Fair maidenhood has for ages been described as being "sweet as May flowers"—"timid as a gazelle"—"blooming as a peach"—"pure as the morning dew"—"constant as a love bird"—our model young lady is all this and much more. Mark the distinction, we say "model," not "modern." The model young lady bounds into the arena of society full of beauty, conquests and hope. School days are rapidly forgotten, her affection for "sweeties" and "goodies" almost conquered and her instinct for creams and ices so far subdued that she can pass Strupper's and Profumo's without recollecting that she "wants change." She exercises a judicious amount of good discretion, and is very pretty but not too conscious of her beauty. She does not consider politeness from a gentleman friend the preface to a proposal, nor detect an attachment for life in the offer of an arm. Her computation of age is strangely lost. She does not think all below seventeen are "chits," nor does she think all above twenty-five are dreadfully aged. She has not a supreme contempt for boys, nor does she refuse to speak to a young man because he has no whiskers. Her fondness for dolls is not transferred to live kicking babies, and she is not continually begging the nurse to let her hold the "dear little thing." She keeps no album dedicated to her own praises, though it is rumored that she keeps a diary and jots down the day's events before putting gum tragicum on her bangs at night. She is not always scribbling and there is no mystery about her notes, no thrusting them into her pocket and rushing off to her bed room to read them. It is most libellous to hint that she rehearses the bride's part of the marriage ceremony, and it is equally as ill-natured to insinuate that she spends hours before a looking-glass, curling and twisting and banging her hair in order to find out the most becoming style of hair dress. She never rouges excepting at a compliment. She never makes inuendo appointments by asking if you will be at a certain entertainment or expatiating on the enjoyment of her "walk down Broad street every afternoon." She receives parental advice with the sweetest humility, and may be reproved without bursting into a passionate flood of tears. A serious conversation does not "bore her to death," nor does she shoot down common sense by that tremendous cannon of female criticism—bother.

The model young lady can work and rush about the house to make herself useful as well as ornamental. She does not lie on the sofa all day reading novels and imagine herself to be the hero, of every romance, or long to be an heiress or a lovely persecuted orphan. Her accomplishments are as numerous as her admirers, and she can read music and men at sight, but plays only upon the former. She goes to the piano at once when asked to "oblige the company" without having a "dreadful cold." She believes freely what is told her, when it is not relating to herself, and has no idea of imposition, coquetry or artfulness. She has not the slightest idea how fortunes are made, and lives in blissful ignorance of how butcher's and milliner's bills are paid.

But the model young lady is happy—as happy as the days are long. She is very enthusiastic, very affectionate and very much beloved by every one, even by her own sex; for she is generous to them all and envious of none. The servants love and respect her for the natural reason that she is kind and considerate to them. She never keeps her maid up all night and then wonders next day "what can make her so sleepy and stupid." Mammas quote her as a pattern to aspirants still in their teens, brothers cite her irresistible graces, and sisters give the finishing touch to her reputation by the detracting praise of envious rivalship. The bachelor who gets her finds a foretaste of Heaven—that society's miss, but nature's great hit—a model young lady.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

A Tough Story of a Tough Mouse.

In the fall of 1879 I had occasion to recover some pump logs that convey water to my house from a spring a half mile distant, part of the distance through the woods. The late fall rains had washed the logs bare in places, and not daring to trust them through the winter I took two men and set to work to cover the exposed places, although the grounnd was frozen to the depth of six inches, as the rain had been followed by a cold snap. Near the head of the spring in the woods was a place where dirt had been dug out of the bank and wall of earth three feet high, with roots and moss overhanging the edge had been left, forming a perfect protection from rain or snow. In digging in this bank I unearthed a ball of leaves about the size of a quart bowl and as compact as dry leaves could be made. In examining the place it appeared that an excavation had been made about a foot from the surface of the ground and four inches from the face of the bank, and had heen packed with beech leaves, put on in layers from the outside toward the center. As the ball of leaves rolled out, I picked it up and began to examine it closely, concluding, of course, that it was a mouse nest; but as I could find no hole for ingress or egress in its smooth surface, my curiosity was much excited. I began to take off layer after layer of the leaves until I came near the center, where I found a bunch of fur about the size and shape of a hen's egg, which, upon close scrutiny, proved to be a mouse, apparently dead and frozen stiff. I made a jocular remark about the poor fellow's taking so much pains to make himself a good comfortable place to freeze to death in, and laid the nest on a log until dinner-time, intending to take it to the house. On my way to the house I found mousie had begun to limber up a little, and succeeded by careful manipulation in straightening out his legs and tail, so that he looked a good deal more like a mouse than the little wad of fur that I picked out of the leaves. On reaching the house I gave the mouse to my little girl, who was elated, and began to fondle and pity the animal for having to stay out in the cold until it was frozen to death. So she rattled on until we were nearly through dinner, when suddenly she sprang up, exclaiming: "Oh, papa, it's alive. It breathes, and it has opened its eyes." Sure enough, mousie was breathing slowly, and blinking like a veritable Rip Van Winkle, after his famous nap. I placed it on the floor, and by the time we were through dinner it was hopping around as lively as a cricket, although it acted a little groggy at first. But soon all drowsiness had gone, and you would have thought by its bright eyes and agile motions that it had always been awake and jumping. I made a nice little cage for it, and fed it plenty of beechnuts, and it was a great pet, but I could not resist the temptation to experiment with it So every few nights I would put it out of doors, and in the morning it would be as hard as a butternut, but upon thawing out it would be as active as ever. One night I left the mouse out the thermometer marked 30° below zero in the morning, and yet little mousie "came to" all right. I froze him eight or ten times in the course of the winter, and he came around each time and kept fat and sleek, but along toward spring he lost his appetite, grew poor, and finally died an apparently natural death. The mouse was of the jumping, or deer-mouse, species. His body was three and a half inches long and his tail three and three-quarters inches long, of a reddish color on back and sides, and nearly white underneath. He could easily clear four or five feet at a leap, and never walked but always went with a hop and a skip. Many insects freeze up in the winter and thaw out in the spring, and go on their way rejoicing, but I was not aware before that any animal of the size of a mouse did it, but that seems to be the fact.—*Cor. Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

$13,800 Profit on $115 Capital.

Fifteen years ago eighteen gentlemen, who were engaged in the oyster trade in this city, subscribed to twenty-three shares of the stock of the "Philadelphia Oystermen's Association," which was just then organizing, paying $5 a share, or a total af $115 for their twenty-three shares. Since that time these eighteen gentlemen have become the only shareholders of the association, the other shares having from time to time been purchased by the association. There have not during the fifteen years of the existence of the association been any assessments of the stock, so that the $115, with interest for fifteen years, or less than $220, represents the amount of money the eighteen stockholders have put out for their stock. On Tuesday next every one who holds a share of the stock will be paid over $600 per share, the eighteen shareholders dividing among themselves over $13,800 as the profits of their investments of $115. The association will then cease to exist. It started out by leasing wharves below Dock street at a time when the Delaware Bay oyster supply by small schooners and sloops to this city was brought here in over 500 vessels, and when it was no uncommon thing for 250 vessel-loads of oysters to be unloading at one time at the association's wharves. Three years ago the association leased the wharves at the foot of Brown street, and an attempt was made to take the trade away from Delaware avenue below Spruce, but the attempt has not succeeded. The association's lease expired on the 31st of December last, and as no money has been made in the last two or three years the body has determined to break up and divide the cash on hand.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Court Sensation.

A scene occurred in the Criminal Court room this morning that rivaled in romance and interest the best denouements of the mimic. Judge Johnson was engaged last week in hearing the divorce case of Josephine Meyer, against Peter Meyer. The wife applied for a decree on the ground of willful absence for three years and gross neglect. The evidence showed that the parties were married in this city, lived together for some ten months, and that in 1875 the young man, probably hardly a year in his majority, left his pretty wife and enlisted in the United States army. The case was called before Judge Avery last summer, and went over, the attorneys for the absent husband fighting vigorously for the right of their client to be heard. When the case was heard, last week, they resisted, and said the soldier would be here pretty soon to speak in his own defense, as his term of service was about up. The matter, however, was heard, and Judge Johnston was right in the midst of his decision this morning when Mr. Meyer's counsel interrupted the court to inform him that Meyer had just arrived from Texas, and had at that moment come into the court-room. A handsome young man with bronzed cheeks stepped foward, inviting all eyes toward him, including the Judge's. The latter stopped his decision and only remarked that he would wait for further procedure, and in the meantime give the young man, who had been fighting the Apaches, and his young wife, who had been waiting for him, a chance to make up and live together again.—*Cincinnati Special to Chicago Times.*

Two Gates for a Churchyard.

The burials act obliges clergymen of the Church of England to admit the remains of dissenters into the churchyards, but does not specify the precise manner in which the admission is to be made. A clergyman in the diocese of St. Albans seems to have taken advantage of this fact to devise a very ingenious plan for outraging the feelings of his non-conformist brethren. On the last occasion of a non-conformist funeral he had the churchyard gates closely barred, and compelled the procession to enter by another gate which he had specially made for the purpose. He was determined apparently to represent the dissenters as "thieves and robbers" by forcing them to enter "some other way." Most right-minded people will, however, agree with the bishop in regarding the performance not only as an "attempt to evade the law," but as "an outrage on all pious Christian feeling," and it is to be hoped that Sir William Harcourt will turn out to be right in his expression of confidence that "the severe and well-merited rebuke administered by the bishop" will have the effect of preventing similar exhibitions of contemptible spite for the future.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—Colorado is becoming civilized. A man at Colorado Springs was not lynched for the commission of a horrible crime, but was "sent to jail in default of bail," just as though he were in the United States.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A returned missionary told a Toronto audience that English would be the language of China fifty years hence.

Scientific Soap-Bubbles.

The soap-bubble has now come within the reach of science. By means of those gauzy globes many beautiful and interesting experiments have been made at the Franklin Institute during a lecture by Mr. D. S. Holman, actuary of the Institute, on "Some Effects of Light and Sound." The instruments used were the Holman lantern microscope and the same gentleman's later invention, the phoneidoscope, which may be freely translated into "seeing sound." The former instrument consists of a metal box containing an oxy-hydrogen light, which is thrown at any angle by condensing lenses upon the object to be magnified. This light is reflected off at another angle through the magnifying lens on a screen, where the object is displayed greatly magnified.

The phoneidoscope consists of a thin metal tube, one end of which is a tin cap in which a hole one inch square is cut, and at the other end is a large mouthpiece such as are used on speaking tubes. The soap-bubble preparation is composed of oleate of soda and glycerine, and from it bubbles two feet in diameter and of exceeding brilliancy can be blown. Some of these have been kept forty-eight hours under glass. The lecturer dipped the small end of the phoneidoscope into a saucer filled with this preparation, which left a film across the square opening. The cone of light from the lantern was then thrown upon the film and reflected upon a screen through the magnifying lens, making a figure about four feet square.

The effect was beautiful. At first nothing but a gray surface was seen, then gleams of color appeared, and in a moment the whole square was a mass of dazzling brilliancy which would have put to shame any kaleidoscope ever made. Every instant the beautiful picture changed; now a wonderful design in reds and yellows, looking like a tea store chromo of an Italian sunset; then shifting to a swarm of peacocks' tails, or a pantomime transformation scene struck by lightning, and as suddenly changing to a sombre view in blue and purple, or a rainbow dancing a waltz. After showing several of these pictures, the lecturer proceeded to show the effects of sound upon the soap-bubble. A couplet was sung into a phonograph, the mouthpiece of which was placed against the mouthpiece of the phoneidoscope, and the crank was turned. As the sound issued forth a curious effect was produced upon the picture. Geometrical figures in black appeared upon it, small and distinct when the notes were high, large and less clearly cut when the notes were low. Around and among these black figures whirled the always-changing colors, red, blue, green and yellow, in all their varying shades, melting into one another too quickly for their blending to be followed by the eye. Human voices also sang to the soap-bubble, and with equally curious results.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An Egyptian Ceremonial.

Assuming the stilts of Asmodeus and the cap of Fortunio I will ask you to drop down with me into an elegantly-furnished ante-chamber of Abdin palace, where, reclining upon a satin divan and surrounded by cigarettes and coffee, "a discretion," I leisurely watched the successive phases of one of the ceremonial institutions of Egypt which owes its raison d'etre to the "good old days" of the Mameluke khalifs, and which at the same time is interesting to United States officeholders. I refer to the Khedive's formal reception of the diplomatic agent and Consul-General of the United States. At nine o'clock in the morning two empty state carriages drew slowly up before the marble stairway of the palace and stood for half an hour awaiting the arrival of Zulfikar Pasha, the grand master of ceremonies. He descended the stairway and entered the first carriage, which, preceded by six jet black Nubian sais or runners dressed in white and gold, and followed by a second carriage and by a squadron of Circassian cavalry, passed rapidly to the residence of Mr. Pomeroy, the newly-appointed United States agent and Consul-General. The strains of martial music induced me to look out of the window, and I noticed about a thousand Egyptian soldiers slowly forming themselves so as to line three sides of the spacious Abdin square. These troops form the first battalion of the 1st regiment of foot guards. They are recruited from the non-commissioned officers of Arabi's army, and this is the first time they have appeared under arms since the close of the war. They looked finely in their new white uniforms, and if they only fought half as well as they looked they would be reckoned among the best soldiers of Europe. In about ten minutes the two gorgeous state carriages, with outrunners and outriders, and the Circassian cavalry, in blue and white uniforms, came slowly and majestically into the palace square. The troops presented arms, and the khedive's band of seventy performers played with the accompaniment of a drum corps the martial strains of "Hail, Columbia." The seat of honor in the carriage was occupied by Mr. Pomeroy, in evening dress. Upon his left was Zulfikar Pasha, arrayed in all the gold bullion of an Egyptian pasha, and wearing the broad green and red cordon and the huge star of the Osmanieh. Opposite, and with his back to the horses, was Mr. Comanos, the vice consul general. The door of the carriage was opened, and the United States consul general was handed down the silk steps of the carriage by the khedive's equeries, clad in blue and gold and wearing dozens of decorations. The two British sentries—two men of the 60th rifles—presented arms.

Then, mounting the marble stairway and passing between two rows of the blue and gold Circassian officers and palace guards, Mr. Pomeroy was conducted by the grand master of ceremonies into the grand *salle de reception*, where he was received by the khedive and all the ministers and high functionaries of state, all in full gala uniforms. The vice consul general, Mr. Comanos, then handed to Cherif Pasha, the prime minister, the letters accrediting Mr. Pomeroy as diplomatic agent, together with the sultan's receipt, written in large red, gold and black letters—the *exequatur*—signifying the approval of the khalif of President Arthur's nomination. Mr. Pomeroy then stepped forward and pronounced in French the address announcing his mission. The khedive then drew out of his pocket a slip of paper, and in a scarcely audible voice—his highness suffering from a bad cold in the head—read a complimentary reply. Just as the khedive pronounced the last word of his speech the electric ball that communicates with the citadel, two miles distant, was touched, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. Tonino Bey, the master of ceremonies, then stepped forward with a Damascus scimeter and presented it to Mr. Pomeroy. At the some time Zeky Bey, the assistant master of ceremonies, walked down stairs and gave fifteen new Egyptian guineas to Hassan, the well-known American consular cawass, or constable, who has occupied his present post for nearly forty years. A thoroughbred Arab stallion with a gold-embroidered saddle and bridle was also formally offered to Mr. Pomeroy. All these presents had to be respectfully declined in accordance with instructions from Washington. The khedive nevertheless asked as a personal favor that at least the form of presenting the scimeter might be gone through with. This was accordingly done, add the scimeter was handed back to the palace officials the following day. Our representatives then said good-by to the khedive and his ministers, and, descending the stairway, were greeted by the troops presenting arms to the tune of "Hail Columbia," a second time excellently performed by the khedive's band. I then came out of my ante-chamber, when I met Baker Pasha and his staff, who very kindly asked me to inspect the Egyptian troops. Taking our stand on the palace steps, we saw the infantry go through their evolutions almost as accurately as some of the British regiments now in Cairo. As they marched past in review, each captain and each soldier shouted out in a well-trained chorus the words: *Effendimez chok yashar!* (Long live our khedive). And thus closed the formal reception of our representatives in the land of the Pharaohs.—*Cairo Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Indian Corn.

Indian corn is called by the Indians "weachin," and is believed by them to have originated in Mexico. So said, some years ago, an educated Indian of the Penobscot tribe, named Peol Susup. When white men discovered America they found corn in cultivation over the two continents, from latitude 40 deg. south to the island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence river. That was probably its extreme limit in the northeast. How it could have been propagated so far north of its native tropical home has been a subject of curious speculation. Every cultivator has doubtless noticed how difficult it is to perfect the plant from seed obtained at any considerable distance south of the region in which he endeavors to raise it. Seed procured from New York will seldom or never perfect itself in Maine, and it is deemed unsafe to plant seed far north of where it is acclimated. How, then, did the Indian, without other agricultural education than that derived from his own unrecorded and imperfect observations, push the production of corn from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence? He certainly accomplished this result ages before the white man visited him, and it was to the natives the early white settlers of New England were indebted for their seed corn of the varieties now grown. An annual plant may extend itself east or west along the isothermal lines by accidental causes, but it could not have moved into a colder climate, requiring cultivation and care without great attention and the application of more than ordinary skill. It must have required ages to have been acclimated in that country now constituting Canada and the New England States. The Indians have their tradition regarding the method by which the northern varieties of corn were obtained and perfected. Like all the grasses and many other annual plants, corn grows upwards by joints or sections. The Indians observed that the time to produce and perfect a joint was one change of the moon, and as the ear of corn starts only from a joint, there was necessarily about seven days between the forming of the ears on successive joints. Now, if an ear could be made to start at the second joint, it would mature some five weeks in advance of that which should be formed on the seventh joint. By constantly selecting for seed the lowest ears, they finally produced varieties that produced from joints lower than the original plant, and very much earlier. Thus, in time, corn was produced small in stalk and ear, and adapted to the short summers of the North. Slowly, but permanently, it passed into the eight-rowed ear, producing constantly on the lower joints and ripening in ninety days from planting.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A New Kind of Assets.

"I am a quiet, unostentatious man, and never harm nobody," said the intruder, moistening the palms of his hands and taking a firmer grasp of the axe helve, "but if you don't come down with seventeen dollars to soothe my located feelings, there will be trouble here in Austin."

"Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" asked the terrified owner of the animal, who is one of the most timid men in Austin.

"He was just bitten seventeen dollars worth," replied the intruder, swinging the weapon around his head.

"Here is your money," replied the owner of the dog. The intruder put the money in his pocket, and was about to leave, when the proprietor of the dog remarked:

"I hope your son was not bitten badly.

"Why, he ain't my son. I haven't got any son."

"Whose son is he then, and how did you come to demand money of me?"

"He is the son of a friend of mine, who owed me seventeen dollars, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were those dog bites on his son's body, and he turned them over to me for collection, and I have collecetd them."

"Well, I declare!"

"And stranger," continued the man with the axe-handle, "if you or any of your family ever get bitten by a dog, and you want the damages collected promptly from the owner of the dog, let me know, and I will do it for twenty-five per cent. net, and furnish my own axe-handle".—*Texas Siftings.*

—Two dairymen in Maryland have demonstrated that the use of steamed food was preferable by at least twenty-five per cent.

"This is My Mother."

The following touching incident, related in the Burlington *Hawkeye*, illustrates both the tenderness of the German heart and the familiar lines of Coleridge:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

We were at a railroad junction one night, says the writer, waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake.

Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German.

They talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken.

The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen.

The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said,—

"Papa, it is his mother!"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said,—

"Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking-chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said,—

"This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right train, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she's my mother.

"And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage-man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasping the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know the old lady was well treated.

Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German.

He talked of horse-trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a busy one, and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads.

But with all of this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little.

When, after a few minutes' talk about business, he said, "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat, red hand and kissing it.

Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.

Gold—Its Decreased Production.

Although the present is the age of remarkable progress in scientific researches, men must toil and delve in primitive fashion for gold. It is hardly satisfactory to know that this precious metal is gradually becoming harder to find. Not many years ago silver was classed as one of the precious metals, but while it has become so abundant as to be contemptiously denominated "pewter metal" the production of gold is decreasing with alarming rapidity. This is owing to the fact that the present sources of gold are being exhausted and the territory in which new deposits might be found is gradually diminishing in extent. This is not only the case in this country, where the gold-bearing alluvium, which once furnished enormous yields, has almost entirely disappeared, and where the auriferous veins are becoming poorer and poorer, but in other countries which of recent years have furnished a large supply of gold, among which may be enumerated Mexico, Australia, Brazil, Chili, Peru and the entire west coast of South America. The ancient sources of this wealth—Asia, Africa, Spain, Portugal, and other countries of Europe—are no longer prolific. Neither China nor Japan produces sufficient gold for home consumption. With these facts in view a paper on this subject by the eminent metallurgist and mineralogist, F. Von Briesen, published in a recent number of the *Forts-chritt Der Zeit*, a German scientific periodical, is replete with interest. A careful analysis, he thinks, establishes the fact of a uniform decrease of gold in all parts of the world. He cites the estimate of authorities to prove that of all the gold which has been mined between the years 1848 and 1875, the working of the ore has yielded only 12.02 per cent., while the deposits of auriferous alluvium, commonly called placers, furnished 87.98 per cent. As these deposits in the old countries are exhausted, while the gold mines also have nearly ceased to be productive, Prof. Von Briesen regards the three chief sources at present remaining for production of gold to be Siberia, the United States and Australia, while the last two are becoming exhausted. An immense alluvial territory exists in Siberia, covering the entire space from the Ural to the River Amoor, but the climate prevents washing during the greater part of the year. He says:

"Although the yield of the washings is gradually decreasing, it is really increased by daily discoveries of new fields, and amounts at present to about $28,000,000 annually. The greatest quantity of gold has of late years been mined in America, partly due to its natural wealth, partly to the energy brought to bear for obtaining it. Volcanic forces have brought gold as well as silver to the surface in the Rocky Mountains, but its exhaustion is approaching rapidly. Montana in 1866 produced $18,000,000, while to-day its yield is $2,500,000; Idaho, from 1864 to 1871, yielded from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000, which in the year 1880 had decreased to $1,510,546; Oregon and Washington yielded in the year 1868 $4,000,000; in 1879 not more than $1,275,000; Dakota has increased a little, and produced $2,420,000 in 1879; Colorado has an average yield of $3,000,000; California has passed through the several stages of a gold-producing country; the washing of the river sands after 1848 produced immense wealth, while at present only the Chinese are engaged in it, and earn a bare living. The gold on the surface is exhausted, and only the deep deposits and the veins remain to be worked."

It is estimated that $1,200,000,000 of gold and silver have been mined in the west of the United States alone within the last thirty years. The Gold Hill bonanza of the Comstock lode of Nevada had in ten years immediately preceding the last census furnished $200,000,000, $90,000,000 of which was in gold. The lode in 1877 furnished $37,911,000, of which $17,771,000 was in gold; in 1878 $10,404,000 silver and $9,826,000 in gold; a total of $20,230,000; in 1879 $5,190,000 silver and $9,725,000 gold; total, $14,915,000; 1880 $2,634,000 silver and $8,830,000 gold; total, $11,484,000. The total yield of the twenty-eight mines of the Comstock lode has from $271,000,000 in 1875 sunk to $14,000,000 in 1881. This decrease had an influence upon the total production in the united States, which was in 1878 $47,266,107; 1879, $38,900,600; 1880, $36,000,000. The gold production of Australia has followed about the same course of decrease; in New South Wales alone the production fell from 126,780 ounces in 1876 to 75,492 ounces in 1879. The total Australian gold production in 1876 was 164,889,000 marks. This had decreased in 1879 to 108,000,000 marks. Brazil, which 100 years ago excelled any other country in the production of gold, has in this respect become impoverished within the last fifty years. It is not probable, therefore, that the apprehensions expressed by Michel Chevalier and Cobden, when, in the beginning of 1850, California and Australia sent annually about $180,000,000 gold into the world, that the world would become inundated with a flood of gold, will ever excite any special alarm. On the other hand Prof. Von Briesen, considering that America consumes at present a great part of the gold with which it formerly inundated the European markets, is led to believe that national economists who ascribe the great periodically-occurring crisis to the want of gold are not altogether wrong, and he adds that "since America at present spends alone $10,000,000 annually for gold and art productions, and, besides this, has reserved a large capital for speculating purposes, while its gold production is decreasing, it may be logically established that the gold for commercial purposes must constantly diminish, and financial crises will recur in ever-shortening intervals."—*Philadelphia Times.*

American Fables.

On the beginning of a certain New Year a motherly old Goose felt it her bounden duty to do something for the betterment of the World. She therefore took a stroll down to the Swamp and sought an interview with the Fox.

"Well, what's on hand this morning?" asked Reynard, as he came to the front.

"To-day is New Year's, if you remember?"

"Oh, certainly."

"It is the day on which all Fowls and Beasts should solemnly resolve to break off some bad habit. I have appointed myself a committee of one to wait upon you and ask if you could not make at least one good resolve?"

"Well, yes, I think I can," replied Reynard.

"That's nice. What resolve will you make?"

"Oh! I'll let up on the Hares this coming year and go for the Geese!"

And he ate her on the half shell.

MORAL:

Don't ask a man to stop chewing tobacco and become a drunkard.

PLAYING THE HOG.

A Wolf and a Fox were traveling across the country in company when they discovered a piece of meat attached to a string.

"My eyes are the sharpest, and I saw it first!" exclaimed the Fox.

"My nose is the best," and I smelled it long before you could see it!" replied the Wolf.

"Well, we'll divide even up."

"Not exactly, my friend. I have the longest stomach, and must therefore have the largest share. I will eat what I want, and what is left will be sufficient for you."

The Fox being the weaker party had to sit and lick his chop while the Wolf devoured every ounce of the meat and sighed for more. He was sighing with satisfaction when a sudden pain racked his body, and in a moment more he knew that he had been poisoned.

"Well, well," mused the Fox, as he saw the other struggling with death; "one doesn't always miss a Good Thing by letting some one else gobble up his Dinner."

THE CLIPPED HORSE.

A man who owned a fine Horse had him clipped in mid-winter, and the shivering animal turned around and asked him:

"Why do you deprive me of my coat in such cold weather?"

"Oh! it's to make a daisy of you," was the reply.

As soon as the Horse was attached to the cutter he began kicking, and did not stop until he had demolished the outfit.

"What on earth possessed you to do that?" asked the owner.

"Because a daisy of a Horse would look bad before a cheap Cutter," was the reply. "And I may as well smash that; if you are going in for looks you'd better get your Hostler to hold the reins behind me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Nevada possesses in soda lakes and salt deposits elements of wealth that are mean only in comparison with the silver and gold mines that have made that little State famous the world over. In Churchill County there are two soda lakes which will yield much profit to the capatalists who are engaged in making soda marketable—an enterprise which has necessitated the erection of furnaces at considerable cost. In Roop County salt wells have been bored from which the proprietors expect to realize $50,000.—*Denver Tribune.*

—H. O. Chapin, of Steuben County, New York, had two tons of dried apples spoiled by his warehouse being broken into by an enemy, who plentifully sprinkled them with Paris green.